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THE DANCE
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

Musée du Louvre



FLORA GROUP
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

Pavillon de Flore in the restored wing of The Palais des Tuileries

Among Sculptures

By CHARLES LOUIS BORGMEYER

(Chapter IV)

Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux—Jean-Joseph Perraud—François Jouffroy—Claude-Eugène Guillaume—Albert Carrier-Belleuse—Alexandre Schoenenwerk—Jules Cavelier

JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX (1827-1875), continued in the effort that Puget, Houdon and Rude had made in their generations to infuse life into sculpture. Barye, his contemporary, had applied himself to the modeling of animals, Carpeaux preferred men.

He started his short life in material misery and finished it in physical misery. One often reads that he looked like a bricklayer and came from the people, but belong to

the democracy that mounts. He was perpetually sketching, catching an expression here, an attitude or a gesture there. He worked without ceasing. David d'Angers said, "If you cut off his head, his fingers would still continue to model. Take away his utensils and he sculpts with eye and brain."

His sketch books are innumerable and invaluable. He sketched on any old scrap of paper, blue, white, quadrille; sketched



THE DANCE (TERRA COTTA)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

standing or riding; in the noise of the street at Rome, at Paris; in the Salons of the Tuileries and at Compiègne during the war. Sketching always, adding dexterity to both hand and brain. This prodigious labor connected with his singularly acute intelligence, allowed nothing to escape him. Without knowing anything of the man's personality, we would at once feel that he worked with passion and enthusiasm; that the physical and moral surged violently under his hand, and that he felt and created intensely. The talent strikes us as great, but it emanates uneasiness.

When Carpeaux entered Rude's studio he was well advanced in his work and went there with the intention of learning more of the rules of the game. Carpeaux said Rude

made his students into workman, but that was what he wished to learn. He must have imbibed an admiration for his master's work, for seven years after leaving Rude, he sent from Rome his first important work, *Neapolitan Fisherman*, and wrote of it something like the following: "Herbert assures me that my statue will stand comparison with that of my dear master Rude's; I do not dare to think it! Oh, my friend, how my heart trembles with joy, for I have for a very long time been ignored, although I feel that I have something in me."

His next enthusiasm was for Michael Angelo, who was his god from the time he first saw the Sistine Chapel. The work most typical of this period is his gigantic *Ugolin and his Children*. This is what he himself wrote while struggling in its making: "It is a group of four figures, the praise I have received on the composition proves to me



THE DANCE By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Decoration on the façade of the Opera House, Paris



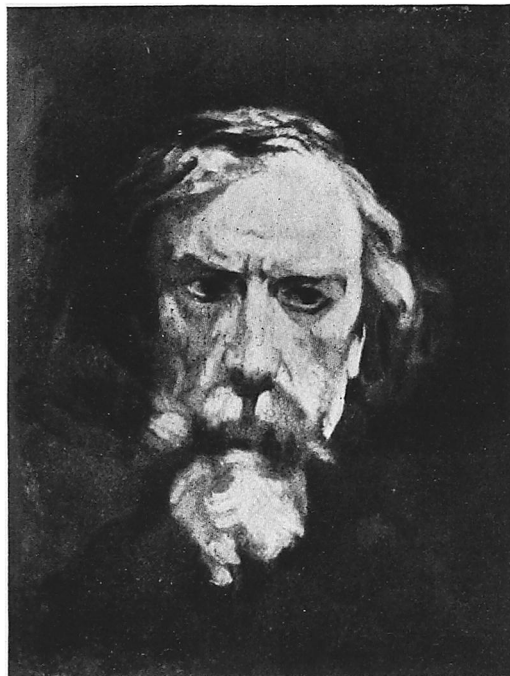
LE GÉNIE DE LA DANSE (PLASTER)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

that I am on the right track. The subject is dramatic to the last degree. There is a great analogy with the *Laocoon*. I study so much that I am drunk; my head turns. I commence my figures ten and twenty times and each time they gain in the change. No one would think there was the energy of five years in them."

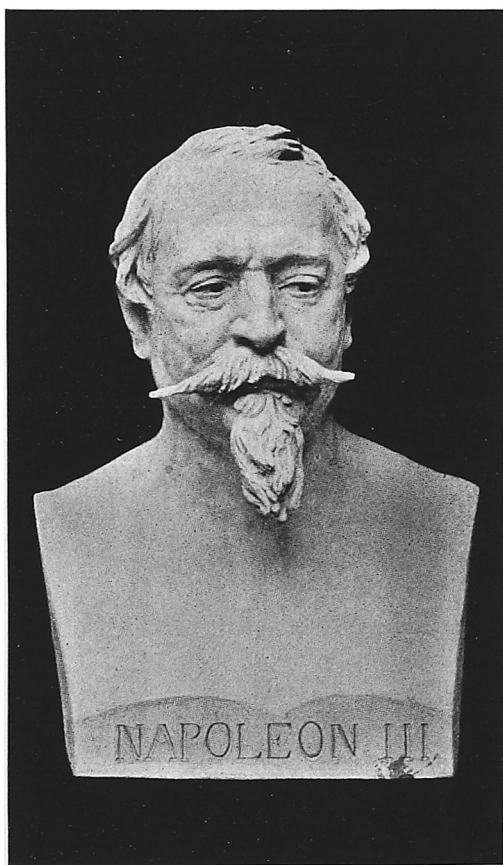
Carpeaux found the subject in Canto XXXIII of Dante's "Inferno." Whatever may be the faults of the group, it contains enough plastic and pathetic beauty to guard its prestige. The children's figures give a rare example of intelligent understanding of the old masters, while working under the influence of the living model. A look at Ugolin's mouth will give you a key to the group. It is twisted and stretched in agony.

His face rests heavily on his right hand with his fingers doubled. His elbow presses down as it rests on the left knee. Almost the identical pose adopted in later years by Rodin in his *Penseur*. Ugolin, in his agony, has thrust his fingers into his mouth, stretching it until it hardly resembles a mouth. This same stretched feeling is repeated in the creases of his forehead. There is a knotty feeling throughout the group, from Ugolin's forehead to his twisted toes. A repetition of this agony, but naturally in a lesser degree, is found in the children. The degree of intensity increases with age. Thus, the youngest of the group is tranquil resting in placid sleep, while the oldest is in nearly as great agony as his father. Ugolin is the one tragic work of importance that Carpeaux created, and even this is not moving.

We associate anything but tragedy with Carpeaux's work. He is the sculptor incarnate of the Second Empire. The quick lives, the quick rise and fall. This is what



JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX SELF PORTRAIT
Retrospective Exhibition Held in Jeu de Paume,
Tuileries Gardens in 1912.



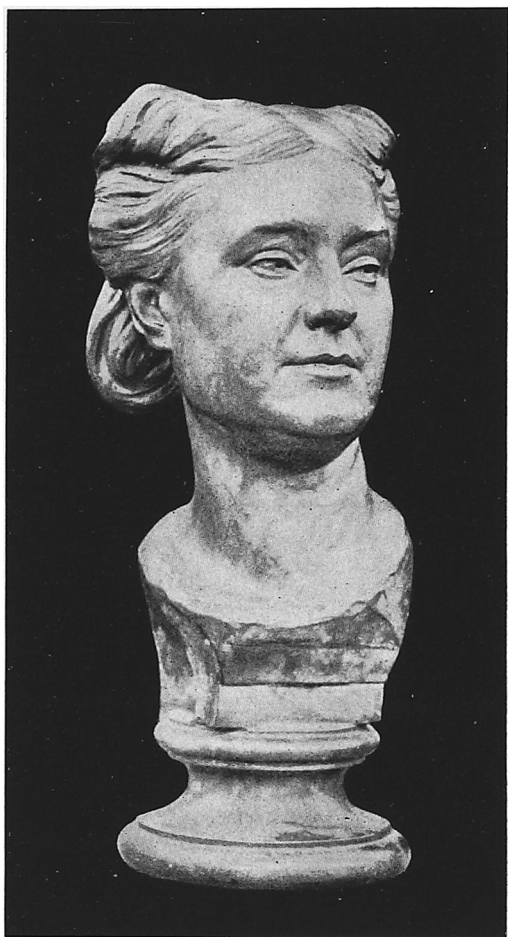
PORTRAIT BUST OF NAPOLEON III
(ORIGINAL PLASTER)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

trembled, laughed and cried in Carpeaux's work. He put in his work, the portrait of a time, when France was wild with action.

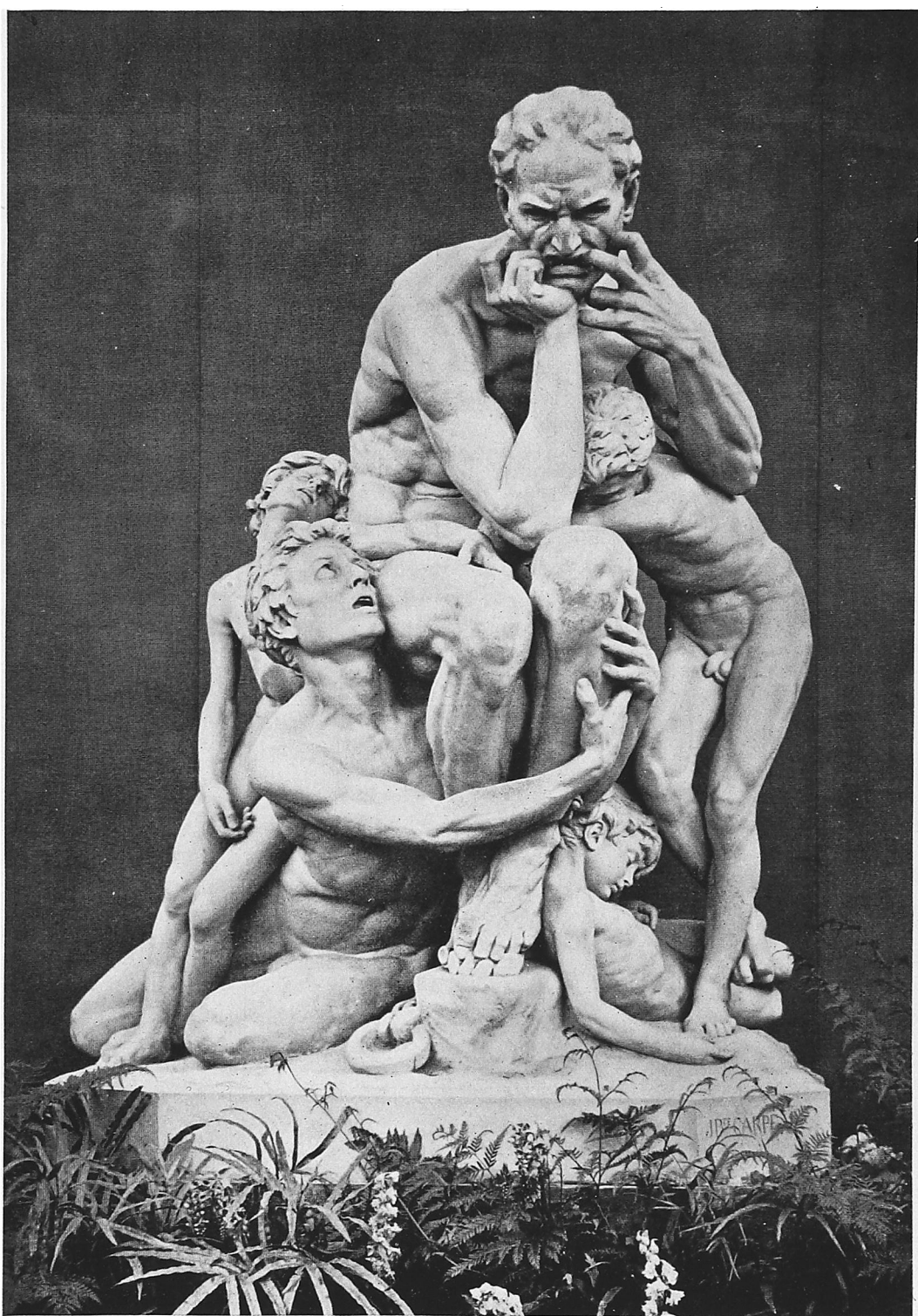
The year 1863, brought Carpeaux three important commissions: One for the decoration of the Pavillon de Flore of the Louvre; one for the façade of the Opera, and another for the Church of the Trinité. He wrote: "Now I swim in smooth waters," but so much to do paralyzed his powers. He started with enthusiasm on the Pavillon decoration, but his inspiration waned, and he very nearly lost the commission. When he finally delivered the completed work, the architect found that in his enthusiasm he had run beyond the measurements given him. This gave his relief too

much importance, according to the architect; and he refused to accept it. Happily Napoleon III found it good. The architect was over-ruled; the relief was accepted and put in place.

The two figures, *Agriculture* and *Science*, that Imperial France is protecting form part of the decoration of the Pavillon de Flore. They are descendants of Michael Angelo. Flora herself is a Rubens in stone. A few years before Carpeaux had visited Belgium, where he became enamored with the Rubens and Jordaens. Flora shows this influence. Surrounded by her ring of dancing children she is conceived altogether in



PORTRAIT BUST OF PRINCESS MATHILDE
(ORIGINAL PLASTER)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



UGOLIN AND HIS CHILDREN
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

Musée du Louvre



UGOLIN AND HIS
CHILDREN
(ORIGINAL TERRA
COTTA)

By JEAN BAPTISTE
CARPEAUX

the spirit of coquetry, while Ugolin is in the spirit of agony.

In *Flore* the smile does not stop on her lips, but runs through the whole composition, you can feel it passing through the lines of her face, and along the length of her arms. The whole thing is full of laughter, freedom, of life, of luscious, playful, joyful, bubbling life; a laugh, a giggle.

This relief of *Flore* was, at the time of its making, the richest, the most living, the freest piece of sculpture that the world had seen. The blossoming of the forms, the quivering of the flesh, the youthful grace of the movement and smile, all these, with

the decorative invention, compose a poem.

Carpeaux helped to give the quiver of life by his masterly handling of light; half tones and shadows. This gives a sense of color to the beautiful lines. We will hear a good deal more about color and atmosphere in sculpture before we get through, and it might be well to note that Carpeaux suggests both in this *Flore*. The foliage behind the figure helps, as it detracts from the feeling of holes that otherwise would cut the group up too much. There is a desire to please in this *Flore*, that one does not feel in the works of either Rude or Barye.

The Palais des Tuileries, you will re-



*YOUNG GIRL WITH
SHELL (1864)*

*By JEAN BAPTISTE
CARPEAUX*

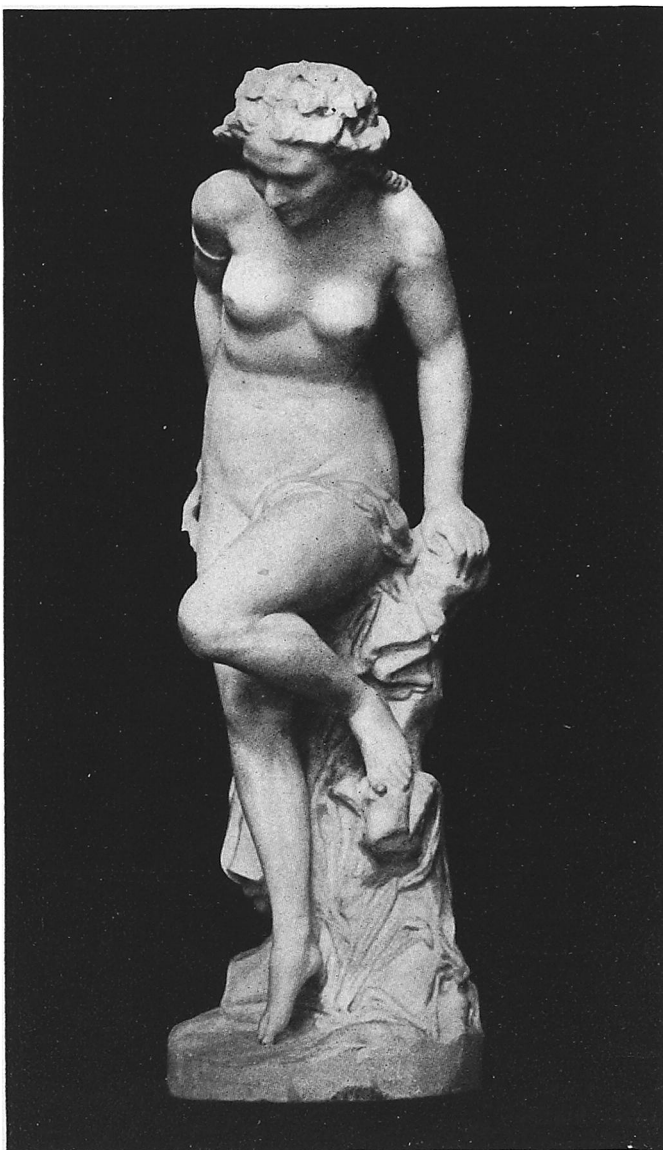
member, was started by Catherine de Medici, and was the constant residence of the French rulers from the time of Napoleon I. In 1871, the Communards destroyed it all by fire, except the wings that connected it with the Louvre. The side next to the river, which contains the Pavillon de Flore, was restored after this fire, in which it fortunately sustained little damage.

Some day when you are in front of the

Opera, let your eyes manage themselves, and see how naturally they will single out one group, and one group only: *The Dance* by Carpeaux. It looms up as a round formation, smooth and united as to its surface. It looks like the half of a beautifully formed pear, solid and perfect. The other groups, to follow the simile, seem to be half pears in a state of more or less decay. In other words, in *The Dance*, we find all the

"CHILLY"
(MARBLE STATUETTE)
*Retrospective Exposition,
Paris, 1912.*

By JEAN BAPTISTE
CARPEAUX



parts as parts of a whole; while in the other groups our eyes are arrested by irregularities. I am speaking of them as separate pieces of statuary, not as a part of the Opera, which they decorate. Later I will let the architect, Charles Garnier, say what he has to say on that subject.

Perraud's *Lyrical Drama*. Look at all the details. Do they spell tragedy? Have you ever looked upon so dead, dreary and life-

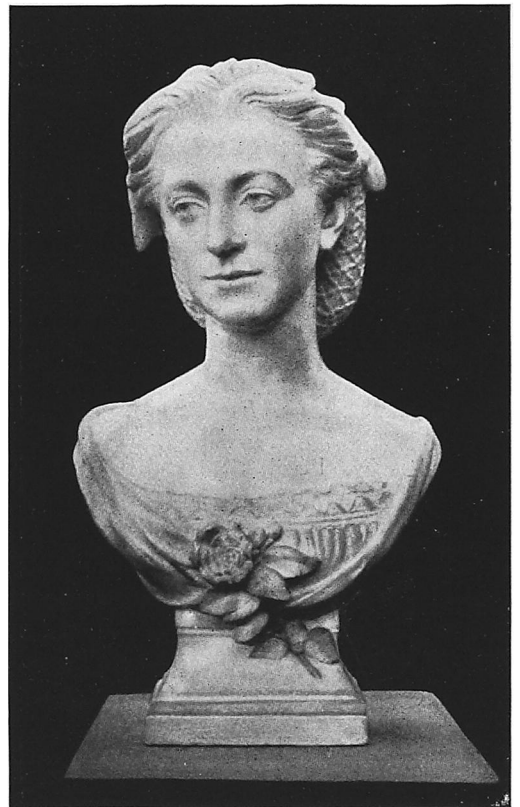
less a work? All the properties of tragedy used on the stage have been introduced into its makeup, but with all this paraphernalia of tragedy, can you find a single feeling of the spirit of tragedy in it? The dread feeling of murder and impending murder is not there. The whole group is dead. It is standing still. Then if you turn to the other groups, to a less or a greater extent, you will discover the absence of the quality



PORTRAIT BUST OF J. L. JÉRÔME
 By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912

of life. You will find them dreary, dry things, conceived without emotion or spirit, with the exception always of that round, healthy group; that group, which beckons to you, by its sense of unity, by its beautiful formation, by its conditions of one in conception, execution and effect. There it is: Carpeaux's *Dance*. A mass of moving bodies, attuned to the music of the tambourine. See the ring, how it moves about. One dancer following the other, everyone in a giggle, everyone full of joy, happiness and laughter. Again, we are looking upon a work of art, for there is no mistaking the sculptor's purpose in this. The *Dance* gives you the full feeling of real dancing—the feeling of bumping up and down, and down and up, especially the upward feeling, the feeling of joy and laughter. Everything

and everybody full of round curves, and not a single sharp angle in the entire mass. This *Dance* differs greatly from the things with angles and holes in them, which have been posted on the adjacent pedestals. The *Dance*, like Rude's *Départ*, is full of life and energy, only it is the life, energy and emotion of the dance. Stop a moment and try to dance yourself. Do you see that all of you begins to lift itself upward—arms, legs, feet, body? Every part, including the head, begins to move, and move upwards. Now recall the last ballet that you have seen. Can you recall the balloon-like inflation of skirts, the raising of arms and limbs and the twinkling of feet, as they danced away in their dazzling performance? Of course, you can picture it all again. Now quickly turn about and look at this wonder-



PORTRAIT BUST OF MADEMOISELLE
 BENEDETTI *Collection Countess Benedetti*
 By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



PORTRAIT BUST OF MADAME MORET
(MARBLE) Collection of Madame Frédéric Blanc
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

ful group of whirling dancers. See how everything and every part is up in the air. See the draperies form themselves into balloon formations. See how everything is up and off from the earth (pedestal); not a thing appears to be resting flatly upon its bottom. Why the feet are twinkling over and beyond the pedestal upon every side, right and left, everywhere.

The group is the work of a genius. It is not only the dance, but it has given us the emotion, the very spirit of the dance. It is the dance and nothing else. A little error would have changed the whole thing. Had the pedestal been larger, had all the swaying bodies, all the dancing feet, been kept within the border of a larger pedestal half the effect would have been lost.

This *Dance* was criticised in no gentle tones. It was said to be the "delirium tremens of Bacchanals"; to "savor of vice and stink of wine." It was called "fireworks

of arms and legs." One man more serious wrote: "This is the dance of ignoble orgies. The opera is not a *closerie*, it is the theater of noble dance." Another disgusted with art and himself said: "There is more of sarcasm than of good humor in these faces of marble. The laugh is fearful. It disappears and crackles on the burning lips; it is the laughter of an abandoned soul; it is the depravity of a heart in delirium. The more one looks at these terribly wanton faces of Carpeaux's, the more one feels that art has, for its principal denominator, charnal passion, the charm of sex and defective voluptuousness."

These criticisms, deserved in a way, caused Carpeaux to change the group after it was placed—he refined the hands, added a garland of flowers and a slight drapery. You can see the changes that he made by comparing the illustration of the group as



PORTRAIT OF LA BARONNE SIPIÈRRE (MARBLE)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Collection Comtesse du Bourg de Bozas



INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
By CLAUDE J. B. EUGENE GUILLAUME
Decoration on the facade of the Opera House, Paris

it now stands at the Opera with that of the terra-cotta original one.

I found Charles Garnier's account of his troubles with Carpeaux very interesting; and I imagine they are troubles not confined to this isolated case, for geniuses are "kittle cattle." Here is the story, much abbreviated, as he tells it in his book on "The Building of the Paris Opera House.": "For many men, for all the world perhaps, the groups and statues of the façade of the Opera are reduced to one work: *The Dance*, by Carpeaux. I, personally, do not think

that Carpeaux's strong talent entirely hides the more delicate talent of his brother artists. Each of the groups has its particular merit, and without wishing to compare them, I can at least indicate the dominating principles that make me feel as I do.

[FRANÇOIS JOUFFROY 1806-1882].

"There is no doubt that Jouffroy's Lyric Poetry holds together better with the building than the others. The composition is a little banal, but in its artistic modesty this group is arranged in a fashion to please the heart of an architect. Is this a very precious quality for sculpture? No, without doubt, if one considers it absolutely alone. Yes, certainly, if one considers it in its particular mission. Statuary sculpture, forming part



LYRIC POETRY By FRANCOIS JOUFFROY
Decoration on the facade of the Opera House, Paris



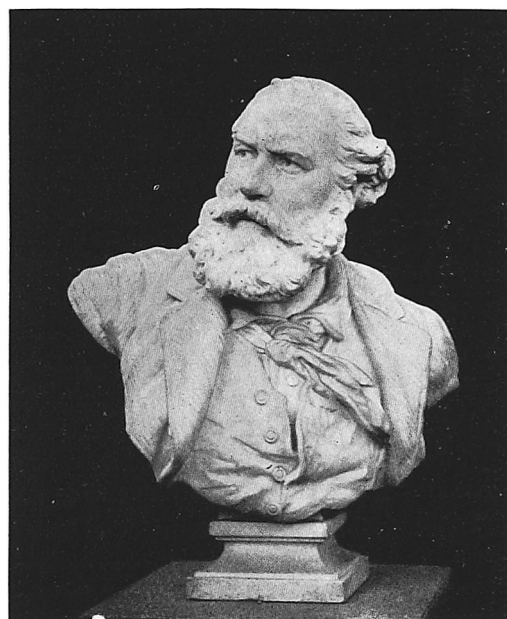
PORTRAIT BUST OF MADAME G. D. LEFÈVRE
(MARBLE) *Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912*
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



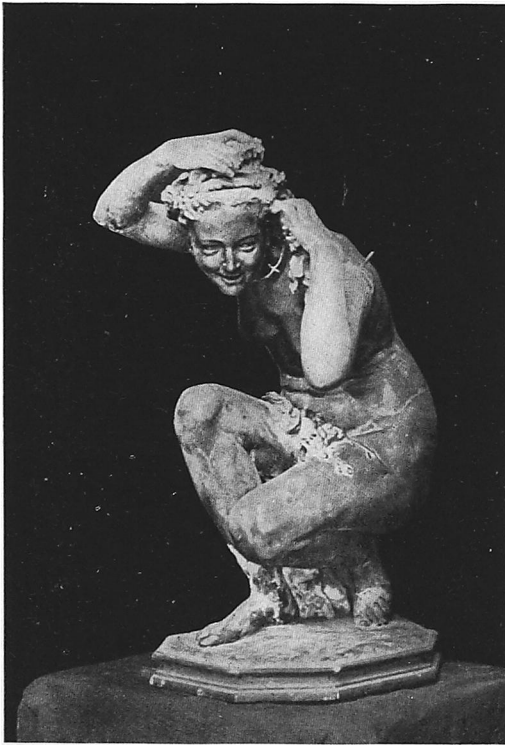
PORTRAIT BUST OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS
(MARBLE) *Comédie Française*
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



PORTRAIT BUST OF MADAME DEMARCAY
(MARBLE) *Collection Madame Demarcay*
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



PORTRAIT BUST OF CHARLES GOUNOD
(MARBLE) *Collection M. Stéphane Dervillé*
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

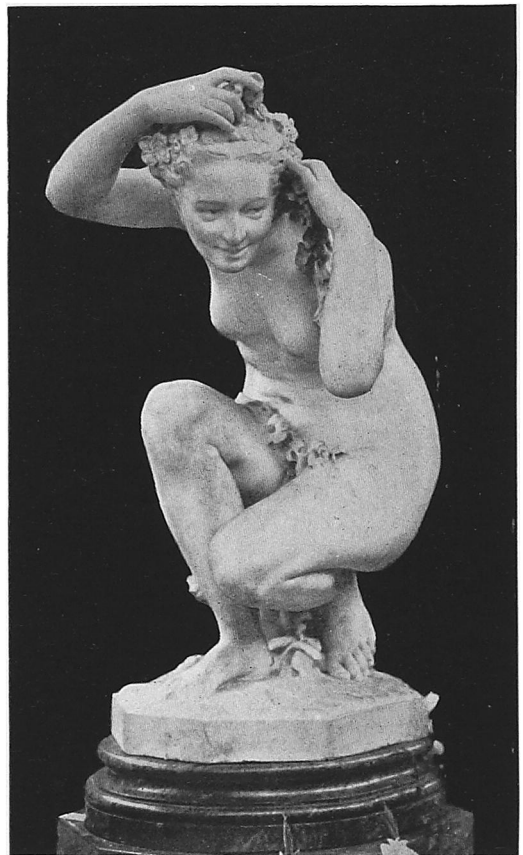


FLORA CROUCHING (STATUETTE READY
FOR CASTING)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

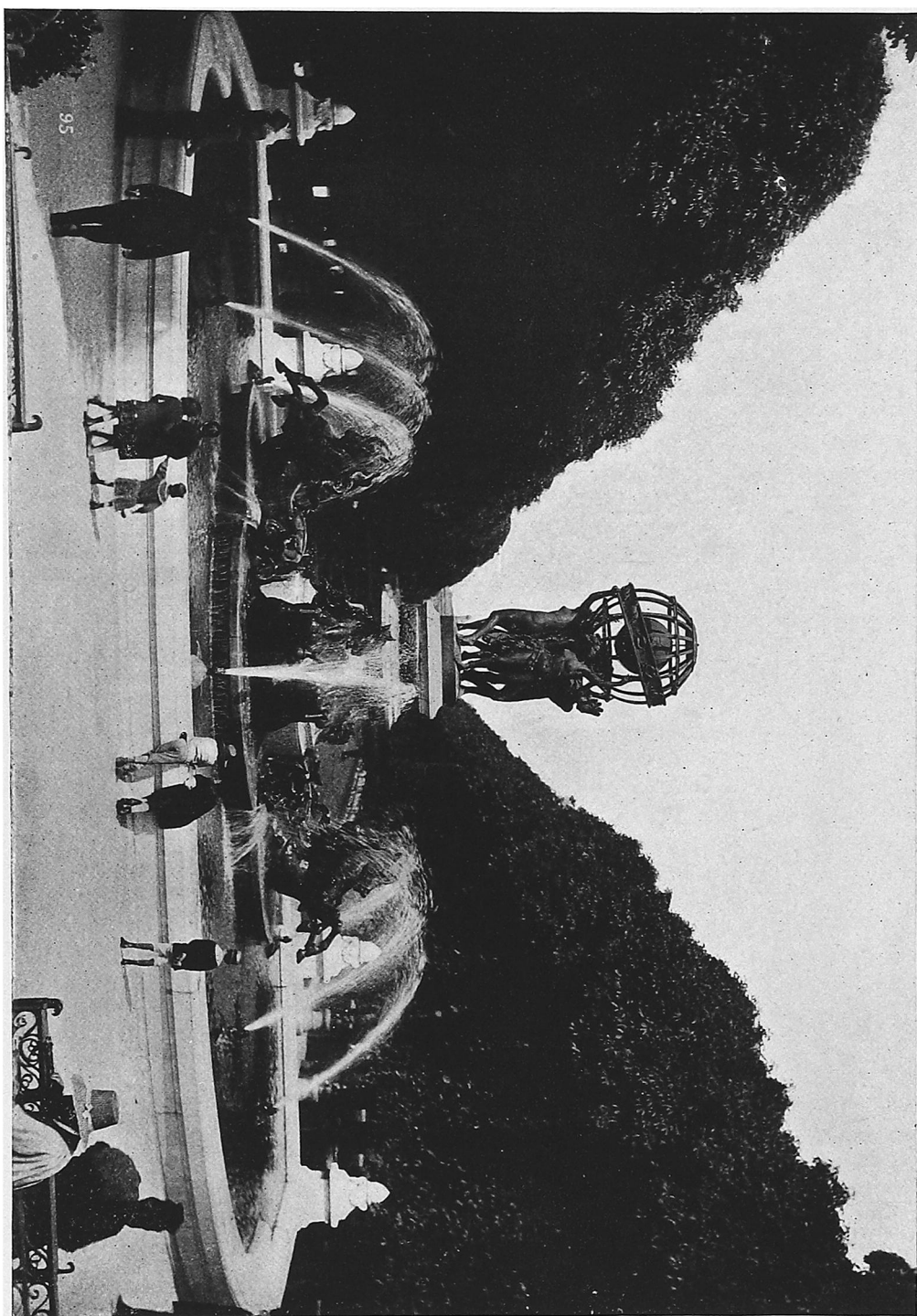
of the decoration of a building, should to a certain extent partake of something of ornamental sculpture. To be a success in this work, the sculptor must neglect some of the principal attractions of his art. He must consent to efface himself, to keep his personality a little in the shade, and thus join in making the success of the whole. Jouffroy has done this. He copied almost exactly the silhouette that I gave him, and held absolutely to the character of my sketch. As a collaborator in the great work that I represented, it was his duty to write his scene so as to follow the generally adopted *scenario*. To do this, I assure you, was no little merit. So, I repeat that of all the groups of the Opera (talent of the sculptor apart), it is Jouffroy's group that is the best composed in relation to the building. This is the reason why one passes it

without seeing it. It appears so incorporated in the building that one only sees it as a great ornament honestly doing its duty. It is perfectly right for a general placed at the head of his army to wear a feather in his hat; but a soldier in the line would be arrested if he ornamented his simple uniform with one. Jouffroy will not go to prison, and this I will say, if I had had an army formed of men like Jouffroy, I would have marched straighter to the battle, and I would have been less fearful of the result. The central figure of his group has a simple and noble movement, and the two lateral figures are charming in pose and abandon.

"CLAUDE J. B. E. GUILLAUME'S (1822-1905) *Instrumental Music* is also composed with due respect to its placing.



FLORA CROUCHING (MARBLE)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



FONTAINE—THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

[Paris]



LOVE WOUNDED
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

for Guillaume, like Jouffroy, having executed a number of decorative figures, was familiar with architecture, and was in sympathy with the architects, whose heavy responsibility he appreciated. He used a little more liberty in the composition of his group; but his liberty is discreet and kindly and does not encroach upon the others. I pray those who read these lines to look carefully and conscientiously at this work. After several moments of study you will feel drawn by its scholarly composition, so well thought out at all points by its simple and beautiful execution, and by its delicate and true feeling. These beauties will attract you more and more.

"JEAN JOSEPH PERRAUD'S (1821-1876) *Lyric Drama* shows altogether different qualities; the composition is not the dominant point of the work, but the execution of such and such a particular part.

Perraud, whose nature was a little rough and whose instincts were all for independence, did not bend easily to the demands of architectural sculpture; he was not at ease in a frame given in advance; and so this strong sculptor, ordinarily full of force and energy, when he allowed his personal feeling to guide him, became hesitating when his thoughts had to accompany that of another. His sense of justice made him try to observe the imposed conditions; but for Perraud's complete success it was necessary for him to work alone. I have many times regretted that I confided the group to him. It cost him nearly two years of study. It probably kept him from doing things that would have brought him greater glory. I remember that for a long time he refused to accept the commission, feeling that he did not have in him the qual-



THE THREE GRACES
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



DAPHNIS ET CHLOE (PLASTER)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

ities to make it what it ought to be. I suppose we must criticise the general composition, the dryness in some parts of the group, and the lines that are badly cut. But we can truthfully say that the figures of the dead body and of the man who removes the winding-sheet are of great interest, for in them is shown Perraud's superiority of execution. There is an almost terrible movement. He has combined the contours in a most remarkable fashion; so much so that, if one concentrates one's attention on these two personages, one feels seized by the energy of the sculptor, and recognizes that, of all the groups of the opera, it is perhaps in this piece that one finds the greatest strength and muscular study.

"I know that in general, one gives little attention to the statues that decorate buildings, but some exceptions like the *Départ*

by Rude, the frontal by David d'Angers at the Panthéon; the *Flore* by Carpeaux, occupy the crowd more than the works themselves merit."

Garnier goes on to say that he wished to give the order to Cavelier, "but he was busy with other work and refused it. I was not ignorant of the fact that Carpeaux was the terror of architects, but I had a feeling of great friendship for him, and a still greater confidence in his talent. I offered the commission to him, and he accepted it with great eagerness. The four artists met, divided the groups and chose the subjects. Carpeaux had the group '*The Dance*,' I made small models of the pedestals in plaster, which were to support the groups, and the walls which they were to decorate. I gave to each of the artists a sketch of the silhouette, the height and width, and a sort



FIGARO (STATUETTE)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



SUSAN SURPRISED (PLASTER)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912



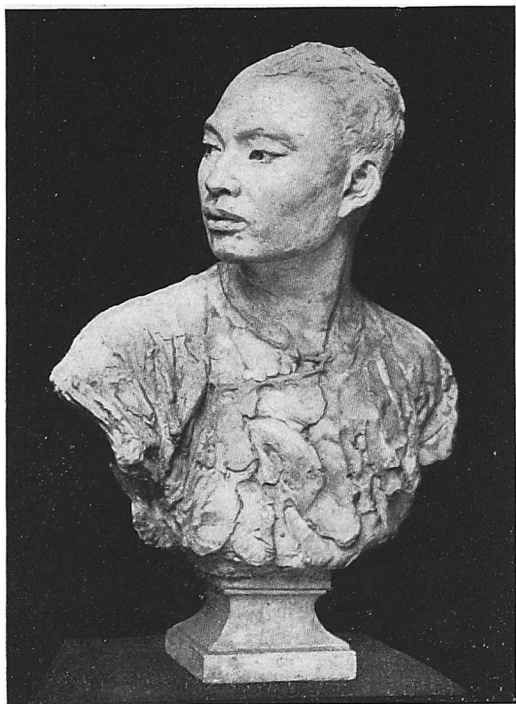
FISHER OF PERIWINKLES (MARBLE)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912



MATER DOLOROSA (ORIGINAL PLASTER)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912



BUST OF NEGRESS (PLASTER)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



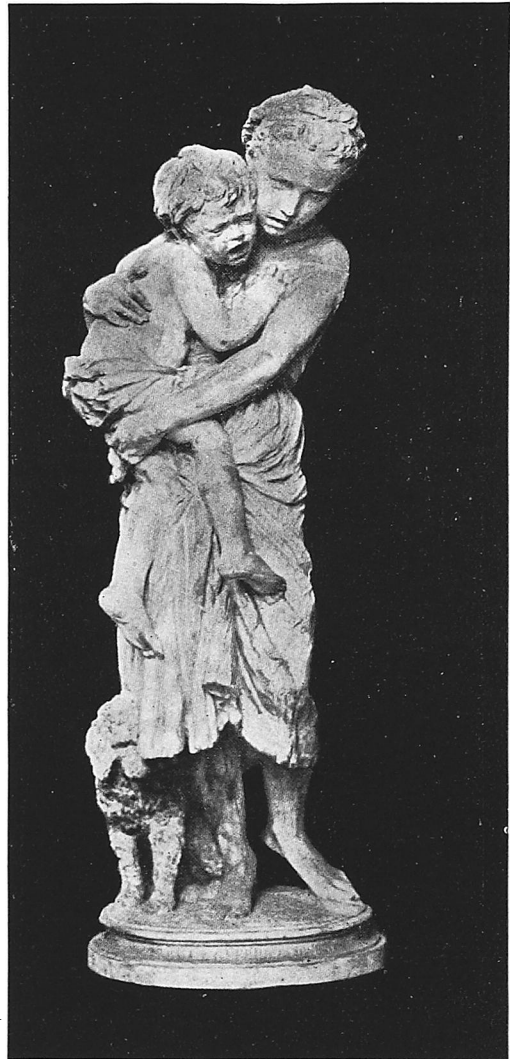
BUST OF CHINAMAN (PLASTER)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



PORTRAIT BUST OF ADMIRAL TRÉHOUART (PLASTER), Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX

of general program of the composition. They soon brought their sketches to me. Those of Guillaume, Jouffroy and Perraud were conceived in the spirit of the models, but that of Carpeaux was not. It had nothing to do with the Dance, and could have been more fittingly called Adam and Eve before the fall, with the Devil whispering in their ears. This sketch I refused. Carpeaux took it good naturedly. I hunted for something to suggest to him, and finally hit upon an idea that pleased me well enough. I made a bad sketch of the idea; then my friend Boulanger helped me with it, and made it so charming that I was well pleased. I sent the two designs to Carpeaux, and the next day he came to the Opera. Immediately he took a pen, a piece of paper, and in an instant drew a few marvelous lines, and briefly, five minutes afterwards, his group was found.

"Carpeaux made a model after this first sketch; he added several figures. I think about one a day until he had seventeen! This was so impossible that he had to return to the first idea, but with more movement added. This second looked as if it would do, and Carpeaux commenced to model from it, always with a tendency to add figures which I battled against; always with the propensity to give to his group the exaggerated dimensions which I also battled against. The combat was long and exciting. The sculptor saw only his own work, and not the Opera; the architect still saw the building, but often let himself be led by the ardor of the sculptor! He, making at the right and at the left, at the top and in front floating garlands, disheveled draperies, showers of flowers; I, insisting that the exterior lines be more sober, more calm, and demonstrating that all these frivolities, these jets of accessories, would infallibly break one day or another. Carpeaux was not at bottom stubborn, and when he saw the practical reasons against such and such a composition he gave in—for a few days at least; then his ardor carried



BROTHER AND SISTER (ORIGINAL PLASTER
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912

him off his feet again. The letters! The talks! Finally the time came, when, in spite of his wishes, I had to reduce the width of his group nearly forty inches, and even then, in spite of me, he enlarged it fully twenty inches beyond the given dimensions. I had absolutely decided that if he would not listen to me, to let him go his way; then I again saw his model and found it superb. I was amazed at the composition, at the modeling of the figures; they were living beings in clay. So, I said to



BACCHANTE SHOUTING (BRONZE STUDY FOR
GROUP OF THE DANCE)
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912

myself, 'Oh, well, if the Opera suffers a little through the exuberance of my sculptor, it is but a little misfortune; if through my stubbornness I should deprive France of a *chef d'œuvre*, that would be a great misfortune.

"I am still irritated with some of the vulgarities of the details, and still very enthusiastic over the movement of the figures and of their living fascination. The work was delivered before it was finished. If the flesh had been as well executed as in the model, if some finesse had been used to soften the brutal indications, the group would have less merited the reproach of

vulgarity. When the group was unveiled, there was a great noise—not because of its merits or demerits as a work of art, but on the ground of immorality. Letters of protest came to me by the bushel; erotic old men stood and looked gloatingly at these figures of women; young men smiled and threw a jeer in passing; the mammas turned their sons away from the façade of the Opera. One would think that, compared with this debauch, all the Venuses were subjects of godliness, and that their place in a church seemed more natural than this group on the façade of a theatre.

"I went away for fifteen days, hoping to escape a little of this talk, when a dispatch came to me, saying that Carpeaux's group had been injured. I soon learned that someone had thrown a bottle of ink at it, and several of the figures were seriously stained. It took many days to find



FAUN (BRONZE STUDY FOR GROUP OF THE
DANCE) *Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912*
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX



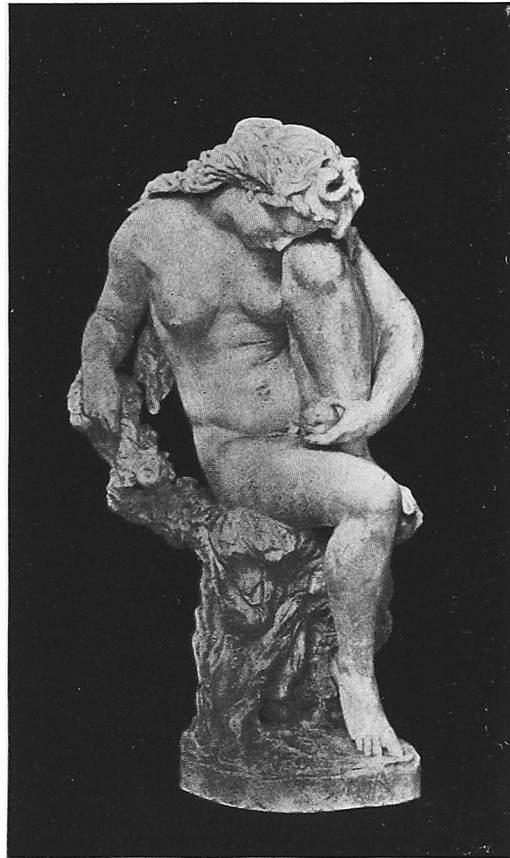
**BACCHANTE WITH DOWNCAST EYES
BRONZE STUDY FOR GROUP OF THE DANCE**
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912

the right method to remove the stains, but we succeeded in the end. After this insult, the fight became even more bitter and had time for little things. After the two ended in an official order to have the group removed. Before the order was carried out came the events of 1870, and no one years of war, the agitation against it came up again—but more faintly, more a political fight this time than a moral one. This died down, and the Dancers danced on.”

The *Dance* in plaster at the Louvre is not as good as the one in front of the Opera; it is dried, the eye does not go over it without jolts. The terra cotta *Dance* is the original and was sold the other day to Denmark. The statue was held at about \$45,-

000, and now that it is gone, the feeling runs high in Paris. Particularly as the inclemency of the weather is leaving marks on the group just as Garnier predicted.

The busts by Carpeaux that I know and like best are those of *Napoleon III*, *Princesse Mathilde*, and that of the painter *Gérôme*. Carpeaux' busts show us the men he lived among, as do those of Houdon. His training was such that he could express what he saw without fumbling. But that was not all; he was singularly, almost disconcertingly, acute, and this intelligence which made him understand the model, made for a better interpretation than superiority of technique alone could have given him. The artist is, first of all, an inter-



**EVE AFTER THE FALL (ORIGINAL PLASTER
EXECUTED IN LONDON, 1871)**
By JEAN BAPTISTE CARPEAUX
Retrospective Exposition, Paris, 1912



LYRIC DRAMA
By JEAN-JOSEPH PERRAUD
Decoration on the façade of the Opera House, Paris

preter, and it follows that he does not interpret well what he does not well understand. Art is made of contemplation, but also of penetration. The models create the artist no less than the artist creates the models.

There are those who think that no other sculptor caught, with an art so sincere, so big and so subtle, the mysterious essence of the soul of his models. I cannot personally go quite as far as that in my admiration for Carpeaux.

Among the last things that Carpeaux

did, in his life of forty-eight years, were the four allegorical figures, representing the *Four Quarters of the Earth*, supporting the world. This group forms the center of a fountain. This fountain was erected in 1874, the year before Carpeaux' death, from designs by Fremiet, who also is responsible for the eight seahorses. The fountain is so designed that the lines of the pedestal are repeated throughout the whole. This helps us to see all the flats in one glance. The basin is low and flat, but Carpeaux' figures most cleverly give the upward feeling that offsets the low, wide, spreadout one of the basin. There is nothing protruding beyond the edges to arrest our glance as it passes from the flat basin to the top of the globe. This architectural upward feeling makes the work monumental. There is much less voluptuousness in the four figures of the fountain than in the *Dance*. Here Carpeaux realized work of pure statuary, separated from all pictorial spirit. So these figures have purity and beauty of form. But this time the critics found Carpeaux cold!

He was ill at Puys at the time the group was placed. One of his pupils wrote him that "For all the young artists, you are the first sculptor in the world." Carpeaux replied:

"No, no; I am not the first sculptor of the world. I am only an observer, an infant of Nature. I love with *naïveté*, I think with all the strength of my soul, and I adore all that is raised toward God. Contemplation being constant in my life, my enthusiasm, at the sight of different characters that nature offers us, sometimes makes me express form and movement with a little more truth than the ordinary; this is not genius, nor is it what constitutes the first sculptor of the world."

Carpeaux' passion for movement and life remained with him until his last day. While confined to bed with the illness that caused his death, he took great pleasure in watching the play, the coiling and uncoiling



YOUNG GIRL AT THE FOUNTAIN
By ALEXANDRE SCHOENEWERK

Musée du Luxembourg

of some great eels, that he had in a jar of water. His eye followed with interest the supple twists and undulations, the incessantly varied movements of these strange animals.

"If I had always lived as a monk," said he, one day, "I would have been the equal of Michael-Angelo." He regarded his group of Ugolin as his strongest work. As to his group of the Opera, a little while before his death he spoke of it with sadness. He did not consider it "very orthodox." When addressing his *Curé* he said, "It is not that I have not better and nobler subjects in my head—but what will you? I was started in a bad path." He died with the crucifix in his hands, but he looked at it as a great artist: "How they treated him," he sighed with a tone of reproach. And, the sculptor still living in him, he added: "If I recover my health, I will make you a better Christ than this one; it will not be difficult." He was dying when Prince Stirbey announced to him his elevation to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honor. "Thanks," said he to his friend, "it is the good God, who has a New Year's gift for me."

As he felt his life ending, he told a friend: "I have movement, life—I would have attained grandeur and nobility. I feel it." His last words were: "Ah, Life! Life!"

There was a retrospective exhibition of Carpeaux' works at Paris in 1912, where Rodin gave the address. From my roughly scribbled notes jotted down in the Garden of the Tuileries, where the exhibition took place, I think I can reconstruct the talk after a fashion: "Carpeaux has a *chef d'œuvre* in France less known than it ought to be. I mean the *France* in the front of the Pavillon de Flore. Under one of the wings on which France is seated, is a man with a map of the world. Under the other wing are the laborer and his oxen. Ardent France is seated and raised by the eagle. The idea is beautiful, the sculpture more

beautiful still. This magnificent work is completed, a little lower down, by the *Flora chef d'œuvre* that all the Parisians know, *La Flore*, a charming and young work.

"At the Fountain of the Observatoire, Carpeaux' figures walk, turning as the earth turns. In this perfumed garden, on a summer evening, Paris offers us the sure beauty of this group; but his *Watteau*, a *chef d'œuvre* of *chef d'œuvres*, is far from Paris, at Valenciennes, the native country of Carpeaux. It demands a pilgrimage of us all.

"In his busts, Carpeaux resembles La Tour, and is near to Houdon. The emotions that we, the stupid students of design, felt, even the strongest among us, when Carpeaux came to see our work! Unforgettable memory! Ah! The adoration that we had for him. Carpeaux sketches, often made on the street, not beautifully, which is often a matter of mode, but truthfully. Precious documents!

"I think that Carpeaux, in his sculpture designed by the outlines from all sides. In this way he gave the true planes, mystic incantation of the lines, through which descends the soul into the stone, for those who know the principle. Carpeaux knew it!

"Style is an organized unity. It is living. It exists. Here is art. The essential, it is geometry that dominates. Do not think that our inspiration ought to prevail, and that we are able to correct nature. Little can we correct it.

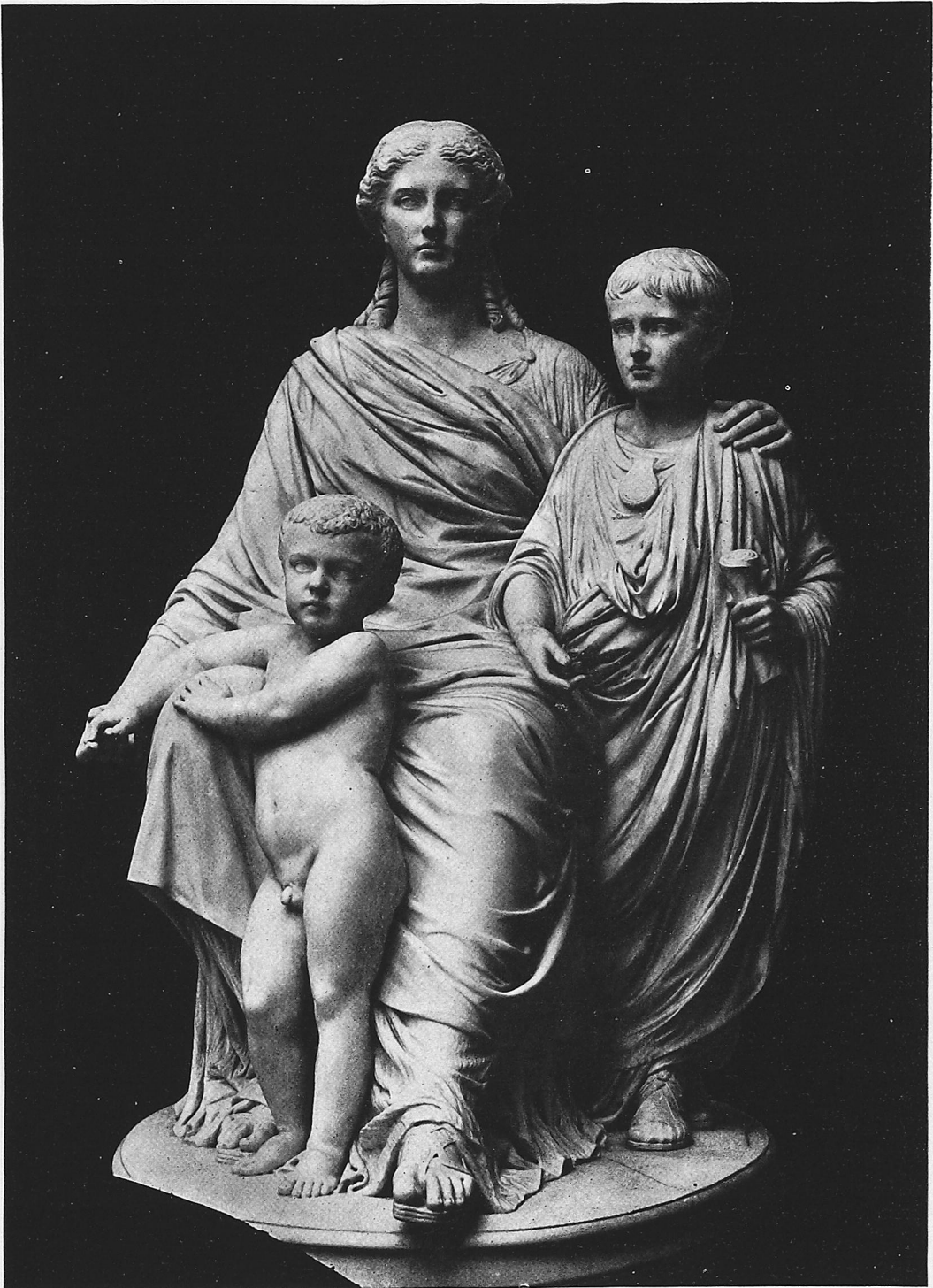
"Sculpture that commences in the period of night, and which comes to us, knows but the truthfulness of the planes. Men of genius draw upon this essential. Time that endures likes not originality, mode or caprice, the trifles that it misunderstands. Salute Carpeaux, the great figure, afflicted while living with unending struggles."

If you imagine yourself seated among a small company, with Carpeaux' works around you, with Rodin standing in front of you, giving the above with passionate



HEBE SLEEPING
By ALBERT CARRIER-BELLEUSE

Musée du Louvre



MOTHER OF THE GREEKS
By JULES CAVELIER

enthusiasm, you may turn away as I did, with a feeling of pleasure at having heard one great man speak of another.

PIERRE-JULES CAVELIER (1814-1894). Someone has said that his *Mother of the Greeks* was "cold with glacial convention," but it will show the work of the sculptor whom Charles Garnier speaks of as having refused the commission that was later given to Carpeaux. He was a pupil of David d'Angers, as was also

ALBERT CARRIER-BELLEUSE (1824-1887), whose *Hebe Sleeping* was recently moved from the Luxembourg to the Louvre. The conception is very good. A feather-bed and sleep have a sort of association, one with the other. Then we like to feel that we are free from interruption, that we are, in a way, protected while asleep. The sculptor suggests all this by

placing his sleeping Hebe on feathers with the eagle on guard. The eagle, too, serves as a good background for this sleeping goddess of youth. When you look at the eagle long enough, he becomes a little stiff and gives the effect of a goose rather than an eagle.

ALBERT SCHOENEWERK (1820-1885) was another sculptor born in the first part of the last century. Schoenewerk, Jouffroy, Cavelier, Carrier-Belleuse and probably all the others had pupils who carried on their teachings through the nineteenth century. The works of these pupils and their rivals we will see later on in our visits to the various museums, parks, streets and studios in Paris. This will necessarily put them out of their chronological order, but that can be straightened out by consulting any good history of sculpture.